

HARVARD HAS BEST CLAIM TO COLLEGE BASEBALL TITLE—"LITTLE SUNSET," BY VAN LOAN

HARVARD TOPS COLLEGE RIVALS IN BASEBALL RECORD FOR 1915

Yale Failed to Fulfill Early Predictions and Finished Second. Penn Made Poorest Showing in Years—Phillies at Last Bat Out Victory for Chalmers.

Ranking the college baseball teams of the country invariably results in wide divergence of opinion. But one can usually give a good reason for the selection of the team which deserves to be rated at the top.

Need of Intercollegiate League More Apparent

It is unfortunate that there is no such thing as an intercollegiate baseball league to bring the leading teams of the East together in a series of games in which each college would play the other claimants for first place an equal number of games.

This year Harvard, Yale and Princeton continued their opposition to the formation of such an organization, and fostered, in its stead, a triangular league, in which each met each other member three times.

In the absence of a league and a league schedule, it is folly to attempt to compare the strongest of the minor colleges with those usually referred to as the "Big Six." It is true that such minor colleges as Williams, West Point, Holy Cross, Georgetown, Tufts and Brown scored their usual number of victories over the big university teams, but it must be remembered that the big universities consider these games solely as practice affairs and prepare for them as such.

Harvard Easily Outranks All Rivals

Harvard deserves to rank first, because the Crimson beat Yale in two out of three games, defeated Princeton three straight and Pennsylvania two straight, besides triumphing in most of the other important games.

The Crimson had an unusually well-balanced team. Not only was it a splendid fielding and hitting combination, but it had a corps of three first-class pitchers, something most unusual for a college team.

Yale may be ranked second to Harvard. The Elis started their season well and looked to have a champion combination, but, due to reported dissension in the coaching ranks, the loss of Hanes, whose eligibility was protested by Princeton, and the failure of the pitching staff to live up to early promises the Elis fell by the wayside at the critical moment.

Pennsylvania Has Most Disastrous Season

Pennsylvania's season was the most disastrous in years, and even the Quaker supporters will hardly complain if they are left out of serious consideration among the big teams this year.

It is idle to attempt further classification of the colleges, particularly the minor institutions. West Point made an unusually good showing, but it should be remembered that the Soldiers played all their games at home, with the exception of the contest with the Navy, and that their schedule for the most part contained games with small teams.

Phil Bats at Last Give Chalmers a Victory

George Chalmers shook off his "fix" when he defeated the Dodgers and gave the Phillies an even break in the four-game series. It looked for a time like he was due to lose another hard luck game, as but one of the four runs obtained by Brooklyn in the first three innings was through any fault of Chalmers.

Shift in Batting Order Proves Success

The batting order was shaken up, and Manager Moran appears to have found the best combination he has struck to date, and one that could be hardly improved upon for the Phillies' style of attack.

Moran's Men Work Pitchers to Limit

The tip has gone out throughout the National League circuit that the Phillies are playing the string to the limit, and making the pitchers pitch as many balls as possible.

Phillies Gloat Over Rout of "Wheeler" Dell

Another pleasing feature of the Phillies' victory was the routing of "Wheeler" Dell, the sensational young Brooklyn pitcher, who apparently had a little something on the Phillies.

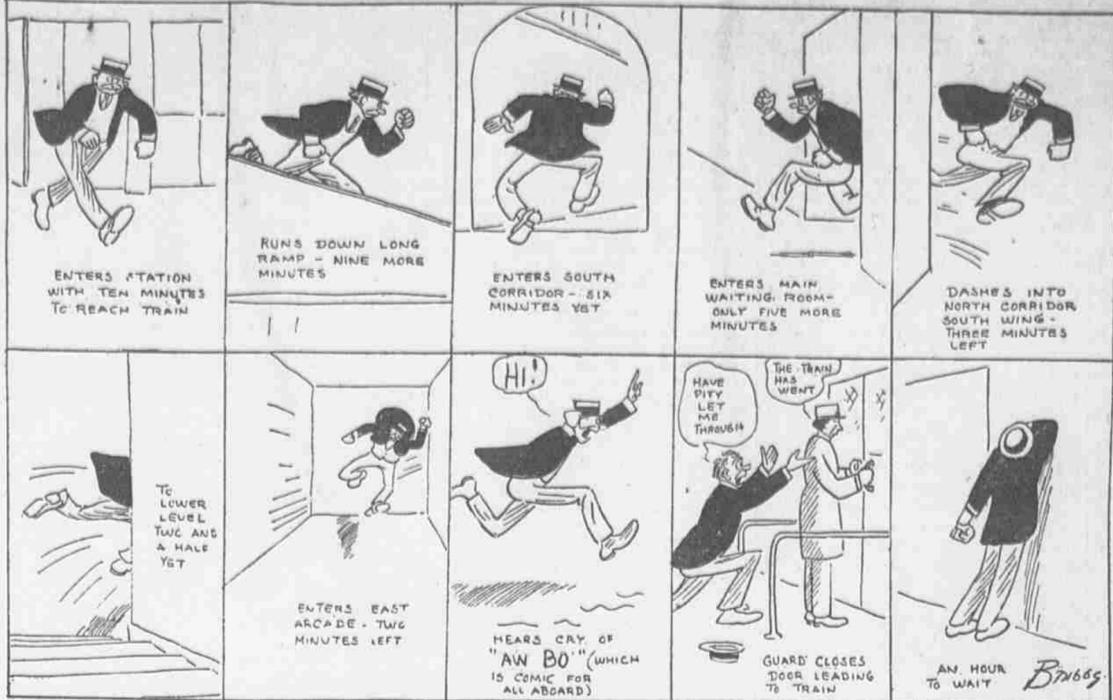
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Walter Cahill, the Mt. St. Joseph College outfielder who was reported signed by Manager Griffith, of Washington, has been picked up by the Athletics. Malone's influence weighed with Cahill, and he passed up Griffith's offer.

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Evidently Walter Johnson has been aroused by the wonderful pitching of Alexander. The Washington wonder has not been scored upon for 34 consecutive innings, and has won five games in a row.

MOVIE OF A COMMUTER CATCHING A TRAIN IN A MODERN TERMINAL



"LITTLE SUNSET"

John Wesley Is Out of the Money—Bergstrom Fails the Apaches, But After a Bit of Coaxing Comes to Terms and to the Flag-raising.

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

The world's most famous writer of baseball fiction.

"Erick" Jones signs with the Apaches, a major league team. As manager, he brings his red-headed son, John Wesley Jones. When his wife died Jones promised never to forsake the child, and so the youngster has lived on baseball diamonds almost all his life.

John Wesley's fourth year with the club was one long blaze of glory. The Apaches thumped their way from fourth position to first, and hung on there until the close of the season. This was due in a great measure to the terrific hitting of Gus Bergstrom, who was celebrating his ninth year with the team.

With a nerve which would have done credit to a highwayman, John Wesley "declared himself in" with the split of the post-season money, and insisted on standing in line when the heroes received their diamond medals, the gifts of a highly excited populace.

"What do you think of them stiffs?" said John Wesley bitterly, after the ceremony.

"He signed a new contract last fall."

For many seasons Bergstrom had been known as a thrifty baseball player. For one season he had been known as one of the richest of the stars of the diamond. This information was scattered by various paragraphs on the sporting pages, most of which bore the date line of an Ohio town where Bergstrom owned property.

Two days passed, and the Swede did not appear. Instead there came a letter for Jake Myers which sent that busy man hustling after Pete Carr.

"Read that!" said Myers. "Carr whistled as he glanced over the closely written page. 'Why, the big square-headed dog!' said Pete. 'He says he's going to quit playing baseball! What are we going to do about it?'"

"How?" howled Myers, who was a nervous man. "We'll get out an injunction against him if we can't do anything else! We'll have him pinched! We'll sue him for a million dollars' damages! We'll drop everything, Pete, and run up there to Selby and smoke him out! If he wants more money, he can have it, but don't you come back here without that Swede!"

"Carr was gone seven days, and when he stepped off the train the heavy, square shoulders of the big outfielder loomed up behind him.

"Jake Myers heaved a sigh of relief. 'Well, Gus,' he said, 'that was an awful scare you threw into us. You had us up in the air for a few days. The idea of your quitting the game!'"

Bergstrom shook hands solemnly. All the joy over the return of the Swedish prodigal was on one side of the house. "Well, I tell you, Maester Myers," said Gus. "I just come down to please Pete. If I please myself, I don't come at all. I go 'way!"

"You're playing baseball when the rest of us are wearing wooden overcoats. You couldn't stand it to sit still and see this old club wrangling along without you!"

"I could do it," said Bergstrom, unmoved. "I bet you of it. I ain't married to no baseball club, and besides, I got all the money I want. I got more money as I can use. 'Tust this one season and no more."

"Here comes the kid!" said Myers. "You ain't game to tell him that. He'd have you shot at sunrise by a squad of bushers."

John Wesley Jones came trotting down the street, prancing like a fox terrier pup.

He had been out at the park supervising the breaking in of a file of raw recruits and offering them such advice as they seemed to need.

"Hi, Gus!" he shouted. "I said all along you was only 'tailing! What's the matter with you? Did you get stuck on some Swede skirt up there in Ohio?" Bergstrom actually blushed.

"Well, then," said the boy, "what was hitting you? Trying to stand 'em up for more money? You bet your life. If I hit 'em last season I'd make Myers come through!"

"I don't want no more money, kid," Gus explained. "I got too much money now. I got so much I can't look after it all unless I stop playing baseball."

"Quit the team!" gasped John Wesley. "Why, Gus, you're crazy! You better get that bone doctor up in Lima to look at your head! Quit playing ball! Why, you big roughneck, you couldn't do that! We need you!"

Bergstrom began to mumble about his long term of service and his real estate. "Cheese!" said John Wesley. "If I hear you pull any more of that stuff, I'll get the dog catchers after you!"

"He's a funny duck," said Carr to Myers that afternoon. "I can't make him out. You know, all Swedes are alike. Once they get their minds made up, it takes a dynamite explosion to get another idea into their heads. This fellow has got a bug that he wants to quit playing baseball and take a rest. Think of him resting! Next thing you know he'll be buying automobiles!"

"Huh!" snorted Myers. "He'd look fine in an automobile!"

"But, Jake," cautioned Carr, "don't run away with the notion that he can't afford automobiles. I looked him up when I was in Selby, and that big stiff of a Swede is worth over \$20,000 and got more coming. It won't be like handling Potter or Appleton or some of these fellows who haven't got a dollar and never will have. This fellow counts big and sell us all, and he doesn't have to play baseball unless he wants to. Besides, he doesn't want to. He's like an old track-sore race horse; he's had enough. We've got to handle him with kid gloves this season, because if he ever gets good and sore about anything—good-by, Mr. Bergstrom! I had a Swede once on a team out in Iowa, and he—"

Bergstrom moaned through the spring practice like a leading man walking through a "supe" rehearsal, and Myers groaned as he watched his \$10,000 beauty. Bergstrom was not exactly careless, but his heart was in Ohio, locked up in a safe-deposit vault. The old routine of practice bored him; not even the morning batting bee could stir up a flutter of his enthusiasm.

Myers and Carr found some comfort in the fact that Bergstrom was still able to "bust 'em on the nose." Evidently he had not left his batting eye in Ohio. The veterans who had played with him season after season realized that something was lacking, and vainly endeavored to "kid" Bergstrom into the proper frame of mind.

NATIONAL LEAGUE PARK Phillies vs. Boston Game at 5:20 P. M. Seats on sale at Gimble's and Spalding's.

of mind. They might as well have tried to talk fire into the heart of an iceberg.

"Lay off him!" warned Gibraltar Jordan. "He'll be all right as soon as the season opens. Ever see an old stove-up fire horse hanging around an engine house? Can't hardly walk until they ring that bell, but the minute the gong goes off, the old horse is right there, following the engine like a two-year-old. It'll be that way with the Swede."

The season opened at last, with the usual crashing of brass bands and hoisting of bunting. Little Sunset marched out on the field with the team when the new flag was sent aloft. When the band played the national anthem and 25,000 men and women stood up to cheer, Gus Bergstrom found a tiny flint within his own.

"Pretty swell, ain't it, Gus?" whispered John Wesley. "They don't have nothing like this in Selby!"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

WHAT MAY HAPPEN IN BASEBALL TODAY

Table with columns for National League and American League, listing teams and their records.

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RUNS SCORED BY MAJORS THIS WEEK

Table with columns for Club, Runs, and other statistics.

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Advertisement for Point-Breeze Park. Features a large image of a race track and text: POINT-BREEZE PARK MOTORDROME Tomorrow Night, 8:30 Tomorrow Night, 8:30 GREATEST RACE OF THE SEASON 40-MILE MOTORPACED RACE IN ONE HEAT CLARENCE GARMAN, AMERICA! GEORGE WILEY, AMERICA! B. BEARS, FRANCE, and F. MADONNA, ITALY. Admission, 25c and 50c. 10,000 Seats at 25c SAT., JULY 3 EX RA MON., JULY 5 DIRECT FROM THE EUROPEAN THE NOBLEMAN AVIATOR LIEUT. BARONET Von FIGYELMESSY and HARVEY WILBUR THE WELL-KNOWN CURTIS FLYER IN THEIR SPECTACULAR AND UP-TO-DATE AVIATION ATTRACTION SHOWING THE TRICKLING AND A BATTLE BETWEEN AN AEROPLANE AND A FORT

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"Cheese!" said John Wesley.

"Here I ain't missed a game this season and do I get any medal? Nix! You guys wouldn't have got no medals neither if I hadn't kep' that stew of a Bergstrom up on his toes all season! I'm the feller that made him hit over .300, and they don't even give me a pleasant look!"

"Some truth in that!" whispered Carr to Jordan. "The kid kept right after Bergstrom all season, jollying him along, sacking him onto pitchers and generally ribbing him up. I guess that Gus is thinking too much about that property of his out in Ohio!"

When the Apaches reported at the Southern camp next spring, Bergstrom was not among the early arrivals. "The Swede will be along in a couple of days," said Jake Myers, the club

Advertisement for Tire Seal. Features text: 'I haven't had a FLAT TIRE in months' WHY? Seal Punctures, Prevents Rubber. We guarantee and stand back of every sale. TIRE SEAL SALES CORP. 12 N. 21st St., Phila. Race 1577 Locust 4050

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